

Monarchs and Their Murderers

BY LADBROKE BLACK.

"Don Carlos met with an accident incidental to his profession."

In these frankly brutal words a Socialist member of the French chamber of deputies summed up the terrible tragedy that occurred in the streets of Lisbon. The cruelty of the phrase need not blind us to the grim truth which it enunciates.

It is the part of every European ruler, whether hereditary or elective, whether "by the grace of God," or "by the voice of the people," to face not only daily, but hour by hour, and minute by minute, the risk of assassination. It is this sinister fact which in the course of the last twenty years has quadrupled the police force of the continent and raised the unpleasant business of spying to the dignity of a profession.

In only one country in the world can the monarch walk abroad among his own people without fear and without precautions. That country is England. The genius of the English race has so nicely balanced our constitution with fictions that the head of the state is never subject to the dangers which result from the vagaries of popular opinion. No one would seek the life of the king of England because of the passing of some law which was repulsive.

The maxim that "the king can do no wrong" is literally true within the confines of the British empire. To express our national indignation at the murder of one, least of all their king, they simply open the floodgates of their wrath upon the devoted head of the prime minister, and turn him and the party of which he is the leader out of office. But on the continent it is very different.

There the ruler is officially responsible, at any rate in the eyes of his people, for the acts of his government. If the government acts unwisely he becomes unpopular; if it acts oppressively he is fortunate if he escapes from the throne with his life. And, in every country, there are malcontents who find fault with the government, and ascribe their own misfortunes to the social system under which they live. To such persons the ruler is the man regarded as responsible, and they will stoop to any methods of intrigue and crime to revenge themselves on his head.

Even in a country where law and order prevail, and justice is dispensed with a firm and moderate hand, the ruler is not safe. There are always the anarchists—wretches, fanatical opponents of every known system, who believe that man has evolved. They are ever at work, secretly seeking with dagger and bomb, to take the lives of the representatives of the continental states. Against these subterranean enemies, the ruler strikes swiftly and unexpectedly, the strike interposes, between himself and a terrible death, sometimes the loyalty of an army, sometimes merely the efficiency of a police force. The ruler has surrounded himself with a large body of men to count upon the loyalty of every one of its members. One man may be a traitor, and his treasonable disaffection opens a gap in the protective system with which the ruler has surrounded himself, through which the stealthy dagger may glide, or the brutal, mangle bomb be thrown.

The monarch must know what they have to face. From their earliest youth they are trained for their profession, and taught to realize the penalty of greatness.

A successful modern monarch must of necessity be a man of iron nerve. It is his duty to move frequently among his people to be present at all sorts of functions to which the public swarm in their tens of thousands. Soldiers may line the route along which he passes, but he knows well enough that this display is but a disguise, a futile so far as the determined assassin is concerned. It is so easy to destroy, and so easy to throw a bomb the few yards which separate the crowd from the royal procession.

The wonder is not that so many rulers have met death by assassination during the last thirty years, but that the list of royal tragedies is not longer.

Daily the monarch must face these unparalleled dangers with a smiling face and a calm and collected manner. If he feels terror he must never show it, for the files of his profession forbid it, and it is inevitable that the monarch who appears frightened in public will become an object of popular ridicule.

There is a story of a certain European monarch whose life had been attempted time after time, and on whose nervous system the strain of the attacks which he had hourly to undergo was unmistakably told. He was driving down one of the streets of his capital when a little child threw a small bunch of violets into his carriage. The great ruler immediately took refuge under the seat, from which unidentified position he had to be hauled by his secretary.

On the other hand, there is an anecdote of a recent king of Italy whose life was attempted by a woman on the occasion. "Aren't you frightened by these attempts on your life?" asked someone. "I must expect it," retorted his majesty, shrugging his shoulders. "It is my business."

A great part of the tragedy of these assassinations lies in the fact that in the vast majority of cases the murdered monarch is in no way responsible for those acts which have resulted in his death. Very often he is a simple, kindly gentleman, and incapable of the crimes of which he is accused, and for which he has to pay the penalty. He suffers for the acts and ill advice of his ministers.

Don Carlos was a genial man, full of the joy of life, a keen sportsman, an artist of merit, and, in short, a cultured gentleman, yet he was doomed to death by malcontents and murdered in cold blood; his eldest son perished with him, and his second son and Queen Amelie narrowly escaped sharing his fate.

Who organized this terrible crime? How were the arrangements made, the date fixed, the place of execution selected, the thousand and one details worked out to ensure success?

The official telegrams from Lisbon, elaborately censored and blue-penciled, will tell you that it was the chance crime of some very ordinary desperado, or criminal lunatic. For it is important, for the maintenance of the present regime in Portugal, that no one should imagine the principle of non-architectural government to be in jeopardy. But the truth is very different.

The assassination was planned with the most elaborate care, and everything had been ready for months for the execution of the deed. All that was awaited was the opportunity.

Many of the extreme republicans had been exiled, and were living in Paris, Rome and London. These exiles were joined by men whose violent anti-monarchical sympathies had been embittered by imprisonment.

ment. The chance meeting of these men produced the first spark which led to the final conflagration.

I have indirect evidence to show that the designs of these plotters in the three capitals were known to, and furthered by, the anarchists. Whether that mysterious body—the "central committee of combat," whose exertions are supposed to be limited to Russia, but who actually are leagued against the world—directly concerned itself with the attempt remains to be seen; but that members of the anarchist circles aided and abetted the attempt appears to me to be beyond dispute.

Don Carlos will cease to reign in Portugal before the coming of spring. An Italian anarchist remarked to me just before Christmas. I pressed him to explain himself. His only answer was a cryptic smile.

Twice since then the same remark has been made to me by avowed anarchists, and in both cases the wording of this sinister announcement was the same.

The conjunction of the anarchists and extreme republicans in this brutal plot was revealed to me subterraneanly, quite accurately, on the Wednesday before the commission of the crime. I was talking to a Portuguese gentleman in London, who made no attempt to disguise his republican sympathies.

"I have been told," he said solemnly, "that Don Carlos will cease to reign before the week is out, and I believe it."

He did not suspect assassination, but hinted that if the revolution which was about to come to a head was only partially successful that might be the result. The plot, he said, had been hatched abroad, but for some months the conspirators had secretly invaded Lisbon, and were there carrying out the finishing touches of their plot.

Every day they met, so he had been told, in an inn in Lisbon. Here they received information from the country districts, and issued their secret propaganda. The greatest care was preserved to keep the police in the dark, an elaborate system of sign and countersign being employed to distinguish friends from foes.

The fact that the tragedy was foreshadowed both by anarchists and republicans proves that these two bodies were working together, unconsciously, perhaps, as far as the latter group were concerned. It must be distinctly understood, of course, that the ordinary moderate republicans had no share in the knowledge of the plot, which in common with the rest of the civilized world, deplore the horrible crime.

Something of the plot must have leaked out, for both King Edward, the personal friend of the murdered monarch, and the king of Italy are said to have written to Don Carlos warning him that a serious attempt was to be made upon his life, and begging him to take every precaution. But Don Carlos, light-hearted and good-natured, was not to be frightened on the "qui vive," and finally determined to entrust himself unguarded amongst the people he loved. It was the opportunity—the loophole—that the plotters had been waiting for, and they struck at once.

It was a barbarous, brutal outrage, resembling in its political aspect—for the assassins were not anarchists, but the extreme wing of the king's political opponents, the violent Republicans—the murder of the late king and queen of Serbia.

Like Don Carlos, King Alexander of Serbia endeavored to alter the constitutional system of his country. He destroyed the liberal of the press, revoked all the radical legislation of his previous parliament, abolished the ballot at elections, and dismissed ten judges. His marriage with his unfortunate Queen Draga established his unpopularity. A conspiracy was formed against him in the army. On the night of June 10, 1903, that conspiracy came to a head.

The palace was surrounded with soldiers. A party of officers attempted to break the doors down. The aid of a dynamite bomb they made an entrance. General Petrovitch, a faithful servant of the king, was ordered to conduct them to the presence. Wishing to gain time, he replied that their majesties were hiding in the cellars. There, by the light of candles—for the bomb explosion had destroyed the electric light—the party of assassins searched. Finding the faithful general deceived, they killed the faithful general and proceeded to ransack the palace.

Meanwhile, King Alexander and Queen Draga had taken refuge in the little closet in which the queen kept her dresses. Here they were eventually found. The cowardly emperor fled, and the queen, who was wearing a diamond necklace, was seized and taken to the palace. The queen was killed by a bullet in the head, and the king was killed by a bullet in the chest.

These two cases afford examples of the dangers monarchs run from a mere rebellion of popular feeling. More dread and, from the standpoint of the monarch himself, more nerve-racking are the dangers he must apprehend from the silent, secret intrigues of the anarchists. In my next article I shall endeavor to make my readers realize the grim terror of these subterranean forces which are ever at work seeking the lives of kings and rulers.

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MILFORD HAPPENINGS.

Milford, April 24.—Burglars broke into the store of W. H. De Wolfe last night and stole some papers out of the safe, which was unlocked. They then broke open a door at the store of George J. McKee, but were frightened away by a dog stationed inside. They secured nothing of value.

The Odd Fellows of Milford are preparing to hold their annual reunion on April 28, at which time Rev. Mr. Simpkins of Salt Lake will deliver an address.

Three pupils will be graduated from the eighth grade of the Milford schools this year, namely, Marie Smith, Joseph Smith and Myrtle Cottrell.

The Salt Lake road is having plans made for an extensive addition to the roundhouse and for other buildings here in the near future.

EXPERT KODAK FINISHING.

Harry Shipper, Commercial Photographer, 151 South Main.

YOU MUST NOT YOURSELF DEPRIVE FROM THE EXTREME AMUSEMENT TO PERUSE THIS POLITE LETTER

The Herald is in receipt of the following interesting communication from a café in Brussels, which proposes to establish an international newspaper library:

Permit us to make the following proposition to you, a proposal very interesting from the point of view of the diffusion and publicity of your journal.

We open, in a few days, in Brussels, a special library for daily journals and periodicals. This library, to which access will be absolutely gratuitous, will be situated in the center of the city and on the first floor of a building the installation of which, we actually work and which will be opened soon.

Here are the results we aim at:

We shall attract clients to us by offering them what they cannot find elsewhere. You cannot ignore to what formalities and to what difficulties one is exposed to, when they desire to consult periodicals in one of the public libraries, which are generally open at hours when the people who work cannot frequent them. Our library will be open until midnight.

We shall commence in a few days a publicity very intense in Brussels. We shall say to the public:

You will find with us, all the interesting daily journals; admirably classified and catalogued; you will obtain in a few seconds the publication wanted.

We shall make a special publicity of each of the journals that we shall have chosen; seeing that our object, in choosing such or such a journal, is none other than to bring as customers to our café, the readers that we can recruit for that journal. We shall make gifts to each of our journals by reason only of advertisements and several thousand of circulars per annum, a publicity of several hundreds of francs, a publicity which will certainly bring them back results, all profiting indirectly to ourselves for the recruiting of clients.

We come to ask you if you will engage to make the gratuitous service of your journal, during one year, to entitle a trial for you.

This will not cost you in truth anything at all, and will bring you back results; would it be but two subscriptions of periodicals without counting the augmentation of efficacy of our publicity.

You should accept our proposition for two reasons:

Firstly, because you risk absolutely nothing more than a profit of subscriptions and we render you in publicity, really disbursed by us, more than a hundred times the counter value of the value of the subscription.

Secondly, because when we have made you the advertisement, during one year and we shall have recounted afterward from this advertisement, there would be but ten clients who might come to our café, because they would find your journal, we shall be in the impossibility to be deprived of your journal and you will at least have reaped one subscription: Ours.

If, on the contrary, you estimate that your journal, after having been publicly made by a specialist, cannot find here, neither two subscriptions for you, nor ten readers who will come to our café to read it, it is evident that the proposal which we make to you is not interesting, neither for you nor for ourselves.

But, we are certain it will not be that and we wait your reply announcing that you consent to subscribe to us for a year to commence from 15th March, 1908.

Our catalogue of journals having to be printed urgently and our announcements having to commence and appear equally soon, we wait your kind reply by the earliest post.

Yours very truly, GRAND CAFE DU CADRAN.

Bruxelles, Belgium, 5th March, 1908.

The Hotel Clerk on Socialism

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"It's been a great month for the Down-Trod, taking it all around," said the Hotel Clerk.

"You'll have to show me," said the House Detective. "Nobody ain't been around handin' me any asparagus tips or such like that. From where I sit, it looks like the customary relations between Labor and Capital is still being preserved—capital keepin' all the capital, and labor doin' the bulk of the labor."

"Don't be a pessimist, Larry," advised the Hotel Clerk. "Just wait the Hotel Clerk."

"Just wait a pessimist?" asked the House Detective. "A pessimist," said the Hotel Clerk, "is a party that can't enjoy his cocktail at the seven o'clock dinner."

"I was saying when you interrupted that it's been a great month for the Down-Trod. And so it has. Just look around. Discovering that meat-eaters had a bad effect on the wage earners, because it made them full-blooded and cocky, and made them think they were independent feelers around election time, the packing house philanthropists thoughtfully jacked the price up until now the Pomeranian puddles of the rich have been driven to eating second-grade porters and the children of the working classes are depending on tallow candles and fond memories for their animal farts."

"That was the beginning. Next the Duchess of Monmouth—your duchess and mine, Larry—she papers have said, although she don't know she's ours, and is not advertising the fact if she does—'twas her who gave things an uplift by coming away from her dinner table, and her maid, who had served, and hurrying into her simplest tiara and coming over to that gathering place of the proletariat, the Waldorf-Astoria, and telling a breathless audience how her heart beat in accord with the music of the orchestra, and would beat a good deal harder, only the diamond stomacher she was wearing fit Her Grace so snug. Whereupon, there was loud applause, and a simple cotillion was served at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the children of the working classes are depending on tallow candles and fond memories for their animal farts."

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DISTRICT JUDGE U. S. COURT Recommends Pe-ru-na as an Invigorating Tonic.

Judge John W. Bixler, formerly United States Circuit Judge, now United States District Judge, of Kansas, endorses Peruna.

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